

50 MONSTER PARTY BOOKS TO BE WON

MARVEL
28th Oct 89

THE REAL

Nº72 40p

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GHOSTBUSTERS™





Chocks away, old chap! Yes folks, Bigg Les is back in town, so put on your goggles and your flying jacket and soar across the dizzy heights of the paranormal with your parachute in issue 72 of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**. As you may have guessed, this week's goody-bag takes off with a story involving a spook of the flying variety in **Astral Plane!** Then there's travelling trouble of a different kind in **Ghost Train!** The Ghostbusters are most definitely getting there, but remember kiddos, don't eat the sandwiches! Then, apart from the fact that there are not one, but two more stories in the guise of **Haunter of the Dark!** and **Night of the Sleeping Dead!** we also have another surprise for you. Yes, it's another **competition!** This time you can have the chance of winning one of fifty **Scare Bears Monster Party Books**. So, what are you waiting for!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

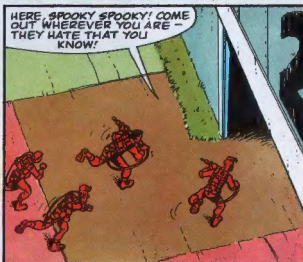
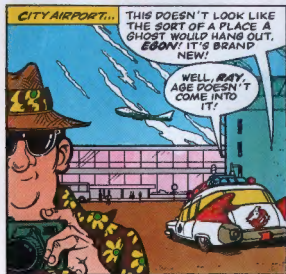


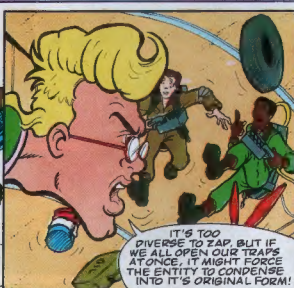
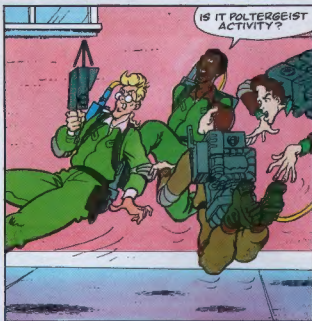
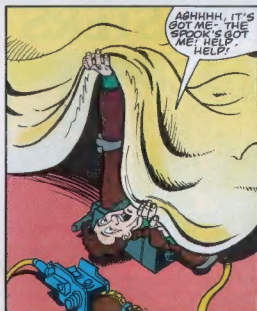
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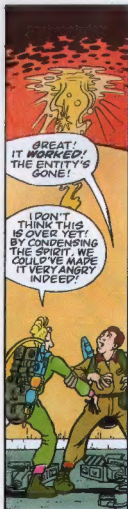
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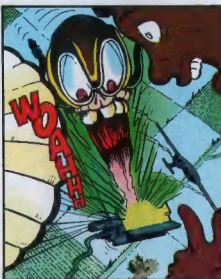
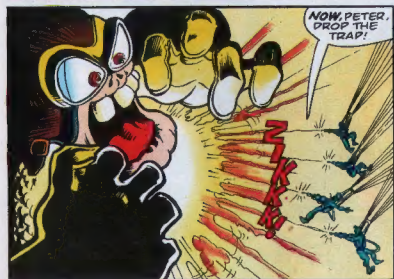


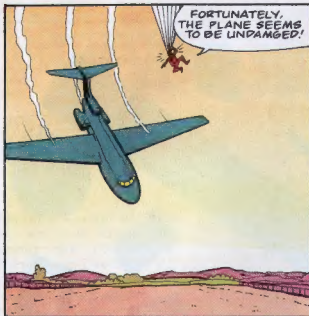
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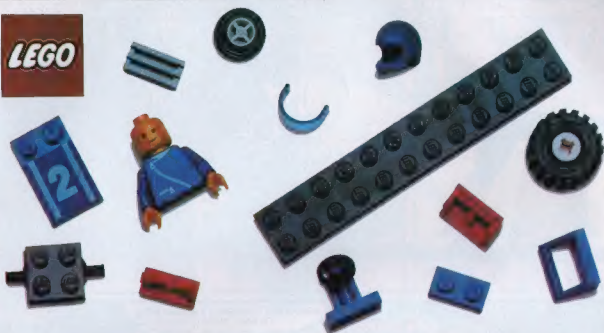












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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Raymond Clough of Barnsley wants to know more about the Dimensional Planes that I refer to frequently. This is a big subject, involving the multi-levels of the Supercosmos, Pandimensional gates and the pits of Pandemonium. I'll do my best to do them all justice here.

DIMENSIONAL PLANES

The Supercosmos is structured into a multitude of levels and planes, each of which is inhabited by the supernatural creatures that come through the Pandimensional gates to haunt our world. It could be said that the planes are the way in and out of our dimension depending on how they intersect with our world along certain points of contact. We call these points of contact 'haunted sites'.

THE MULTI-LEVELS OF THE SUPERCOSMOS

The Supercosmos is constructed of over nine thousand levels. The lowest eight thousand six hundred and seventy are the residences and dwelling places of all the breeds of Supernatural creatures. Basically, the lower you get, the nastier it is, and the lowest of all the levels is called the pits of Pandemonium.



PART 72

According to Vondahuck's *LEGENDS OF THE DEEP LEVELS (INCLUDING THE NASTIEST BITS)*, when the Supercosmos first came to be inhabited, it was the Yldammic Pit Fiends who were lumbered with those lowest levels of Pandemonium. When they got there and looked around, the leader of the Pit Fiends turned glumly to his second in command and remarked "Gosh, this is the pits."

As for the levels of the Supercosmos above the eight thousand six hundred and seventieth, they are composed of shopping and recreational levels, including a swimming complex, squash courts, a Numbly

arena, bars and restaurants, a cinema complex and enough parking for over forty thousand demonic chariots.

PANDIMENSIONAL GATES

These are the ways in and out of the other dimensional layers. You know if you're near one, because you can hear a voice booming out: "Passengers for Dimensional Plane 1167 should proceed directly to Gate 5. Please report to Customs and Exorcise officers on duty. No pushing at the front, and that includes you, Gozer."

When the spooks get through to the other side of the Pandimensional gates, or 'arrivals lounge' as they refer to it, they can be expected to be greeted by fiends and family, waiting behind the barriers, holding up signs saying such things as 'Zuul - this way', 'Panquadrakor' and 'Mr Mokrus, limosine over here'. Then the happy, returning ghouls rush up to their undead loved ones and cry 'Honey, I'm home!' and their little spooks run up saying 'Daddy! Daddy! Watcha bring home for me, Daddy? Didja bring me a present, Daddy?' Then the monster gets to hand out his supplies of duty-free humans.

GHOST TRAIN!



Story **DAN ABNETT** Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **DAVE HARWOOD** and **ROBIN BOUTTELL**

There's something rotten in the fairground. It's huge, it's nasty and, as Slimer says, it's got 'biggy sharppy pointy-pointy toothy-pegs'. But can Egon find it?

As evening settled around the deserted fairground, a tall, blond man wearing green overalls wandered through the abandoned rides and a blur of steaming green light followed him. "Slimer!" snapped Egon, his eyes never leaving the dial of the PKE meter that he held out in front of him. "I've told you before and I'll say it again – kindly stay behind me, or you'll disrupt the signals, and I won't be able to find our spook." The little, endearingly-repulsive ghost shrank back in alarm. "Sorry Egey-weegee buddybuddy ..." stammered the creature's slobbering mouth, "Slimer-wimer stay out of Egey-weegee's way yessir!"

"That's better," said Egon, and glanced up at the dismal old fairground that surrounded them. "I don't suppose you can detect any kindred phantom spirits around, can you?" he murmured. There was no reply, but Egon hadn't really expected one. The only question that usually got a reply from Slimer was 'Are you hungry?'

This really was a grotty mission, mused Egon; a few kids had reported seeing 'something nasty' in an abandoned section of the amusements on Coney Island. 'Something nasty' wasn't really very much to go on. Janine had asked the frightened young callers if there was anything else they could add. 'It's big,' they added, 'and that should be enough to go on.'

Egon was a little annoyed about all this. It clearly wasn't enough to go on, but these kids had claimed it was, because they obviously had little conception of how much information on a spook a Ghostbuster needed to have. Egon said most of this out loud to vent his frustration. 'Need I go on?' he asked, rhetorically.

Slimer, meanwhile had drifted away, and was investigating a boarded up candy-floss stand next to the old Ghost Train ride in the hope that some of that lovely sickly sweet, sugary stuff was still there after all this time. Slimer carried out his investigation whilst being careful to stay out of Egon's way. When he heard Egon talking out loud to himself, he thought maybe he had let himself register on the PKE again, but luckily it seemed to be Egon just muttering to himself as he often did. Unfortunately, there was no candy floss either.

As for Egon, there was certainly a big blip on his PKE meter now. "This," he said to himself, "is definitely something big enough to go on now." So he did too, following it round into the dark shadows of the Ghost Train ride. Keeping a careful distance, Slimer flitted over to join him. "Whatufound, Egey-weegee?" Slimer bubbled.

"I'm not sure," said Egon, "But it could be something to go on. Help me with this tarpaulin." The little ghost obliged and in a moment, the pair had hauled the cover off of a ... totally normal Ghost Train car. Egon flopped down into the seat in annoyance. "I was sure the readings were coming from around here." Just then there was a ferocious crackling from Egon's meter. "Whoa!" he yelled, "Big reading ..." There was a lurch, "... big enough to ... go on!"

There was no doubt about it: the whole Ghost Train ride had come to life. Girders creaked and strained like great skeletal legs climbing to their feet, the roller-coaster track section swayed into the air like the bones of a mighty dinosaur. And the huge, painted faces on the ride's swing doors had become a massive snarling, monstrous head.

"Baleful glowing eyes – check! High



PKE reading – check! Serious trouble – check!” Egon ran down the ‘Have you really spotted a ghost’ checklist.

“Biggy sharpy pointy-pointy toothy-pegs – checky-wecky!” added Slimer, but neither he or his human friend could do much about it as they were perched in the little Ghost Train car high on the shuddering spine of the waking brute. As the monster rose higher and began to take a step forward on its massive pylon legs, the angle of the trackway/spine increased, and the car Egon and Slimer were in began to slip down along the

creature’s back towards the roaring head.

“Slimer, get out, fly away, save yourself!” yelled Egon, as the car plunged at breakneck speed towards one of the huge, bellowing door/heads and its gnashing pointy teeth.

“Don’t worry, buddy buddy,” foamed Slimer reassuringly, “Slimer dead already.”

‘One chance’ thought Egon grimly, charging up the Proton Gun and priming the Ecto-splat he’d brought as well, just in case, ‘gotta give this a full-blast proton charge in the mouth that should hopefully reverse this spook protonically into its component atoms, whilst simultaneously sliming the tracks with Ecto-splat, hopefully de-railing this speeding car and hurling both Slimer and I to safety,” he thought about it, a clumsy weapon in each hand. ‘It isn’t a very good plan, I admit’ he admitted. But he tried it anyway.

Fifty percent of the plan worked. The proton stream went down the thing’s huge gullet and blew it all to kingdom come. They heard the explosion in New Jersey. Only the Ecto-splat didn’t slime the tracks, de-rail the car and hurl them to safety. Luckily, Slimer saw what Egon was trying to do, sped away and used his own gooey bulk to de-rail the car. Egon wasn’t so much hurled to safety as hurled to a nasty bruising and a pile of mud, but it was the next best thing and he didn’t hold a grudge. For long, anyway.

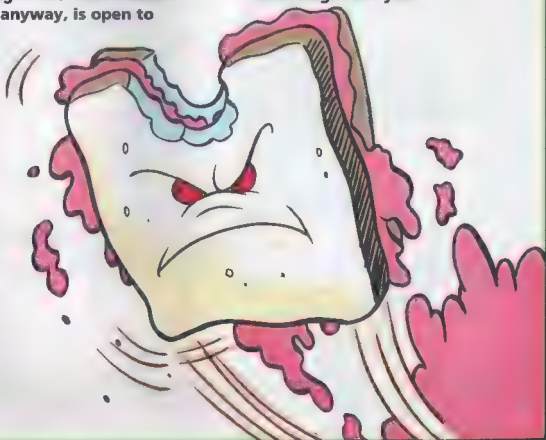
If you’re ever in the same boat (sorry, car) remember that Slimer is even more gunky than Ecto-splat. It’s not much to go on, but that’s better than going on a ghost Ghost Train.



MONSTER MUNCH

This little fiend was one supernatural snack which had developed a real taste for biting back! It appeared that the offending monster came from a jar of Stay Puft Marshmallow Fluff, which clearly had some very undesirable food additives in it. The most undesirable of these was undoubtedly the ectoplasmic monster which transformed an innocent sandwich into a gungy and malevolent atrocity! Just what a jar of Stay Puft Marshmallow Fluff was doing in the Ghostbusters HQ, anyway, is open to

debate, but it was clearly a very silly thing to have on your shopping list. Anyway, somehow a very small trace of Mr Staypuft's ectoplasmic residue had found it's way into that jar, and when it was released onto a sandwich, it had mayhem on it's mind. Talk about tickle your taste buds! The story had a happy ending however, for not only was the evil spirit destroyed but Slimer had a filling snack as well. It just goes to show that you can't be too careful about what you eat, or even what might eat you!



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



Where would you find out more about Dracula?
From his fang-club!

– Sean, Weston-Super-Mare

What is a monster's favourite party game?

Swallow the leader!

– Karl Sharp, Ickham

What kind of mistake does a ghost make?

A boo-boo!

– Adrian Callister, Isle of Man

Why are witches always top of the class?

Because they are such good spellers!

What's green and goes camping?

A Brussel Scout!

Which type of star is very dangerous?

A shooting star!

What do pixies do after school?

Gnomework!

What's yellow and dangerous?

Shark-infested custard!

– Carl Dyball, whereabouts unknown!

If crocodiles make shoes, what do bananas make?

Slippers!

What did the traffic warden have in his sandwiches?

Traffic-jam!

What did the cat have for breakfast?

Mice-krispies!

What did the earwig say when he jumped off the cliff?

Earwig go, earwig go, earwig go!

– Alexandra Philips, Cardiff

Why did the ghostly chicken cross the road?

Because he got run over the other day!

– Jon Clapperton, Nunthorpe

Where do spooks buy stamps?

From a Ghost Office!

Why did the ghoulish cricket game end early?

Because someone dropped the bat and it flew away!

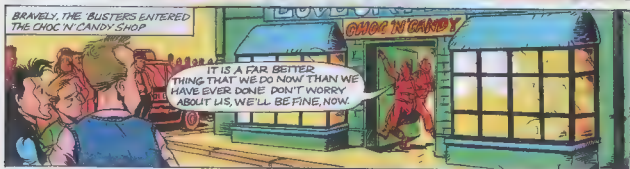
– Sam Gotts

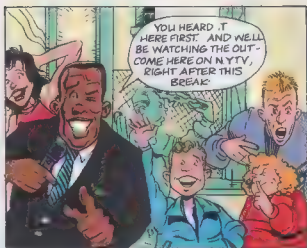
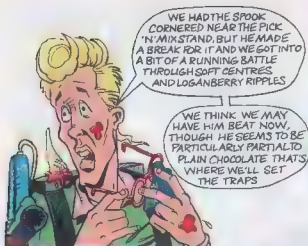
What do frogs drink?

Croakacola!

– Thomas Bryan, Tetbury

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



ne of the strangest paranormal experiences which you could possibly encounter is probably that of seeing someone you know and finding out later on that the person was in fact a ghost!

One such occurrence happened on December 7, 1918, less than a month after the end of the First World War.

Flight Lt. Larkin was at the aerodrome from which his colleague Flight Lt. David McConnell had departed on a mission earlier in the day. He was sitting, warming himself by a hot stove, writing letters, when he heard a familiar step coming from the corridor outside. The door opened with the usual blustering noise which his friend David made when he entered a room.

"Hello, boy!" Larkin turned round and just as he had guessed, there stood his friend. He had on his full flying uniform, but had on his naval cap and was standing half in and half out of the room in the doorway.

McConnell proceeded to say that he had had a good trip and smiled amiably at his companion. When McConnell had left, Larkin suspected nothing odd about this meeting. He knew that the time was somewhere in the region of half-past three when the meeting had taken place, because a short while later, Flight Lt. Garner-Smith had come into the room saying that he hoped McConnell would not be too long as it was a quarter to four and the two of them were taking a trip into London that evening.

"He is back," said Lar-

kin. "I spoke to him just a few moments ago."

Larkin, of course, did not realize until much later the implications of these words.

Several hours later he was told that Flight Lt. McConnell had died earlier that day when his Sopwith Camel had crashed after a routine mission. The time of the crash, they knew, was 3.25 P.M.!

It was then that Larkin realized that he must have been conversing with the ghost of his old colleague!

The most unusual aspect of this incident, however, was that Larkin's dead friend had appeared exactly as he did in life: solid, noisy and cheerful and under bright lighting too. The horror of it!



THE INCREDIBLE HULK

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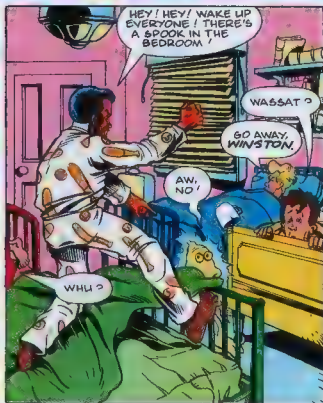
THE
RETURN OF
ACTION
FORCE!

IT'S LEAN AND GREEN
AND VERY, VERY MEAN!

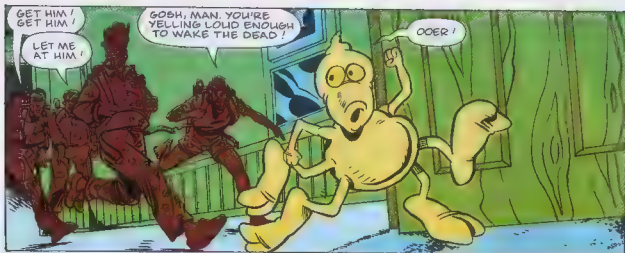
EVERY WEEK FROM MARVEL COMICS!

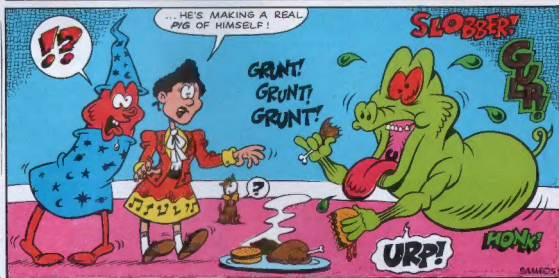
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

NIGHT OF THE SLEEPING DEAD!



Story DAN ABNETT Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS Lettering GORDON ROBSON Colouring ANDY MAIR





WIN A SCARE BEARS MONSTER PARTY BOOK!

Yes, you could win one of **50 Scare Bears 'Monster Party' Books**, and all you have to do is match the right name with the right Scare Bear. It's as simple as that, but just to make a little bit more fiendish, we've added two made-up names. Then, all you have to do is fill in the coupon and send it to: **Scare Bears Competition**, Marvel Comics Ltd, 12/15 Arundel St, London, WC2R 3DX. All entries to be in by **Monday, 6th November 1989.**



- Were Bear
- Zombie Bear
- Quasi Bear
- Boo Bear
- Witch Bear
- Count Ted
- Tuten Bear
- Frankie Bear
- Medusa Bear
- Bone Bear

**DON'T FORGET TO
SEND IN YOUR
NAME AND
ADDRESS WITH
YOUR ENTRY.**

GHOST WRITING!



Howdy! Do you have any burning questions which you'd like to ask The Real Ghostbusters? Yes? Well, drop us a line and I'll do my best to answer!

Dear Peter...

Please can you answer these questions?

1. What is the PKE meter powered by?
2. In issue seventeen's story 'Hell Razor', you busted a ghost from a mirror. Was it a mirror ghost?

— Austin Read, Bristol

1. Batteries! What else? 2. In this case the ghost wasn't a mirror ghost, although you could be forgiven for confusing it with one. It was one of those ghosts which has an obsession with the bathroom and I have a sneaking suspicion that it decided to possess the razor after it had frightened itself by catching sight of itself in the mirror!

1. Where did you go, or where are you going on holiday this year?

2. How are ghosts passed on from a body?

— Daniel Baxter, Epsom

1. We went on a swift vacation to California this year, although it turned out to be one of those 'working vacations' as usual. 2. Well, Dan, this is something that no living (or dead) scientist knows for sure. It has been thought for a long time that the body is just a casing in which the spirit lives, but, of course, this is just one of many theories.

Are skeleton ghosts hard to bust?

— Tim Hawkins, Harrogate

No harder than any other spook, Tim. In fact, they're probably easier — there's less of them to bust!

Please could you tell me:

1. How can Ray fit into a bag? (see issue 61's 'Tourists of Terror').

2. Will there be an ECTO-3?

3. What kind of present would you buy Slimer for his birthday?

— Mark Foster, Barnsley

1. Admittedly, such an operation would need to involve a pretty large bag! Preferably one that's bigger on the inside than on the outside. 2. Maybe, but we have no plans as yet. 3. The perfect birthday present for Slimer has to be the worthy gobstopper!

1. Why are Slimer's teeth yellow?

2. Why is Egon always the one who holds the PKE meter?

— Russell Freeman, Walsall

Thanks for your letter, Russell.

1. I reckon anybody's teeth would be yellow if they'd gone through what Slimer's teeth have gone through! The little spud sure does know how to eat and let's face it: what dentist is going to want to give Slimer a check-up?

2. Why not? He invented it!

1. If Slimer was a king, why doesn't he wear any jewels? 2. Why is he so slimy? It's not very royal!

— Alfred, London

1. Good question, Alfred. But when you think about it, sparkling embellishments hardly seem worth the trouble when you look like that! 2. Well, he is a ghost, after all! Slime and slobber have often gone hand in hand with royalty in the past, anyway. Take Henry VIII's banqueting parties, for example!

What would happen if a vampire bit into your Proton Pack? ... If a great big hairy monster sat up on the HQ whilst you were inside? ... If 79,848,497,847 ghosts came who looked exactly like people? ... and if a man that you couldn't see for his dark green hood and cape came riding in on a ghost horse?

— Anthony Garrett, Billingham

Beats me, pal!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2



Look out! It's the ...



MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST



Titles on sale now

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 72 Grab your goggles and flying jacket as we take off for another brilliant issue of *The Real Ghostbusters*, which reach great heights with **Astral Plane** by Carnell and Larcombe. We then touch down at the funfair with a difference in **Ghost Train** by Abnett, Williamson, Harwood and Bouttell, plus another chance to read **Haunter Of The Dark** and **Night Of The Sleeping Dead**. Not only that, there's a terrific competition to win a Scare Bears Monster Party Book. So, what did you want – Tom Cruise!

PUNISHER 13 Once again The Punisher is on the prowl. Target – two insider dealers peddling misery to millions of innocent civilians. **The Ghost Of Wall Street** haunting this issue is by Baron, Portacio and Williams. Meanwhile, the rains have broken in Asia, and the boy's from the 4/23rd are up to their ammo pouches in mud! **Monsoon** is by Murray, Golden and Beatty.

THE SLEEZE BROTHERS 5 Alien hoodlums, foul smelling mutants and killer cyborgs make life for the dynamic duo about as smooth as a hedgehog's posterior! Join the Sleazey twosome as they flush out the criminal element down in the sewers.

THUNDERCATS 102 Well, curiosity hasn't done these cats any harm! Find out what your favourite feline friends get up to as we embark on another gripping adventure on Third Earth with Lion-O and the amazing Thundercats.

TRANSFORMERS 241 Thunderwing makes a dramatic re-entry in a story by Furman and Wildman. He seeks revenge on the Autobots – Siren, Nightbeat and Hosehead – and he'll do anything to get it! **Back From The Dead** by Furman, Delbo and Hunt finds the MacDill Air Force base under attack (the first of Furman's tales from the U.S.) Finally, part one of **Evason**, with Action Force still trapped in Borovia, somewhere behind the Iron Curtain. Hope they manage to pull themselves together in time!



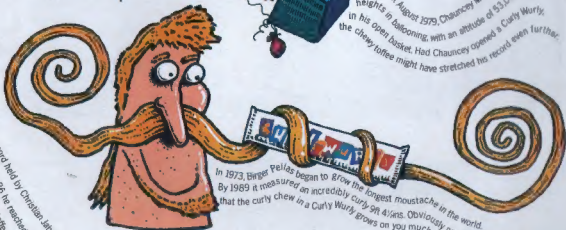
During the 6th century AD a monk named St Simeon the Younger spent 45 years perched on top of a stone pillar. Had Simeon had a Curly Wurly, it may have taken him even longer to chew things over.

Curly Wurly

World Shatteringly Chewy Mind Bogglingly Curly.



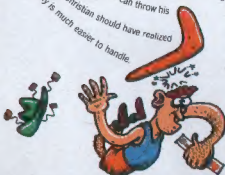
On the 31st August 1979, Chauncey M Dunn reached new heights in ballooning, with an altitude of 53,000ft in his open basket. Had Chauncey opened a Curly Wurly, the chewy toffee might have stretched his record even further.



The record held by Christian Jakob is the distance he can throw his boomerang. In 1986 he reached a wurlly 397ft. Christian should have realized the wurlly-up chewy toffee in a Curly Wurly is much easier to handle.

In 1973, Birger Pellas began to grow the longest moustache in the world. By 1989 it measured an incredibly curly 9ft 4 1/2 ins. Obviously no one told him that the curly chew in a Curly Wurly grows on you much quicker.

The title of the world's greatest gobble goes to Tommy Greene. On July 11th 1985 he gulped his way through 289 oysters in only 1 min 33 secs. Perhaps someone should have told him that the chewy toffee in a Curly Wurly is a lot easier to swallow.



A maze of chewy toffee in amazing **Cadbury's** Milk Chocolate.